THE

PASTORAL LETTER REBURNT

BY A

POETICAL FLAMBEAU.

10. Febr. 1693. *On Dr Burnet, ye yt burning his pastoral Letter agt him.*

THY Pen so paints thy self, that justly we
View *Burnet* burning in Effigie;
Whose *Pastoral Letter* into Fire was doom'd,
For Spiritual Witch-craft, as by most presum'd:
And doubtless 'tis, in sence of Hell, some merit,
To be of *Pluto*'s Hierarchy in Spirit.

Thou hast made Evil so refin'dly vile,
Both in thy Mother-tongue and *English* Stile,
As thou for greedy *Scotland* didst devise
That there *Presbytery* should leanly rise,
After the Mitres had been melted down,
T'encrease the income of thy *William*'s Crown:
But for thy profit couldst that Text forego,
As thou do'st *Sarum*'s Mag-pye Prelate show.
Thy Sleeves of Lawn, the Badge of such a Wretch,
May yield, in time, a Relick for *Jack Ketch*.
And 'twill be hard for thee, as many think,
To 'scape in Body, since thy Soul in Ink
Has been his Handsel, and most Men agree
That thy black inside in thy Lines they see.
Though impious *Roman* power had so prevail'd,
That *Tully*'s hand was to the *Rostrum* nail'd;
Which held the admir'd Pen that gave to Fame
The Flow'r of Eloquence living in his Name.

Thou, by a different fate, wouldst Eyes delight;
If fix'd thy Wicked Hand, which did indite
Sermons and Pamphlets, to thy *Sarum* Chair,
That future Bishops might abhor thee there.

Had now *Pythagoras* liv'd, he would have said,
Hugh Peter's Soul had Transmigration made
Into thy Bulk, and not more damn'd could be,
Than as, in Spirit, he survives in thee.

From a Fanatick *Scot*, transform'd of late
To an immoral Pagan of our State;
Thou do'st as Antichristianly possess
Thy See, as *Tillotson* does his, some guess.
But thanks to Heaven, the House's prudent Vote
Does thee a Canting *Prelate* so denote,
That in thy condemned *Pastoral Letter*'s fate,
Thee and thy mischiefs all must Abdicate.
Whilst like some Witch, when lost her former spell,
Thou griev'st for want of Magick to do ill:
And though in Soul of everlasting Evil,
Thou'lt now, do what thou canst, live less a Devil.

FINIS.

RS.

PASTORAL LETTER

REBUKE

POETICAL LAMBEAU